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ORIGINAL POETRY.

Lines written by a young lady in New York, a short period before her death, in 1799.

I ask not life nor length of days,
But patience, Lord, to wait thy will;
And while I've breath, I'll sing thy praise,
And bless thee, Lord, for good or ill.

Lord, what a thoughtless race we are,
Our sinful lives have us undone;
There's naught to keep us from despair,
But faith in Jesus Christ thy son.

Oh him, I'll all my burden throw,
Through him I hope to be forgiven;
Oh! blessed truth for us to know
His death has made us heirs of heaven.

From sin's snare, oh, set me free,
Divorce my soul from every sin;
Give me o'er thee the victory,
And death, oh! Lord, shall lose its sting.

Now death, with hasty strides comes on,
Nought but a friend in him I see;
My soul is passing to be gone,
To dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

Though the cold earth embrace my clay,
Yet sure I can my Saviour trust—
To raise it at that glorious day,
When he awakes the sleeping dust.

My soul, oh! could I paint the scene
That soon will break upon thy view;
Part quick ye hours that intervene,
Life I am sick, and tired of you.

Yet patience bears my spirit up,
Be strong my faith, I wait no more;
Thou wilt come, Lord, to my relief,
Father, thy will be done, not mine.

Praise God, all ye that breathe his air,
Gladly his joyful notes record,
No sinners ever need despair,
While he has time to seek the Lord.

STANZAS.

I'd give those months of heartless gladness,
I seem'd to feel—but now I regret,
For that one hour, tho' tinged with sadness,
That stolen hour when I met!

The time is long, and oh! how sweet!
When from those whom we love to meet;
And summer's gayest scenes are dreary,
Tho' Heaven in brightness beams above!

Oh! give me Nature's bleakest mountain,
With snows beneath—and clouds on high—
So there, unheeded, flows the warm fountain,
And souls that feel its life are high!

Affection only soothes our sorrow,
And bids the cares of earth depart,
While every drop of blood we borrow,
Reaps double interest in the heart!

ROSA.

LYRICS.

Al! surely, no, it cannot be
That life's bright sun will ever dip;
Those sullen clouds now viewed by thee,
Which o'er my injured bosom dip—
Or be the surge of grief's unrest,
That laves my pain'd and weary breast.

Yet much I love thy gentle strain,
It sweetly soothes my anguish'd heart—
It seems to tell in joy or pain,
Of mine, thou still wouldst bear a part;
And e'en would banish from my brow,
The gloom which hangs upon it now.

Oh! could I think thy words were true,
That tell me bliss shall yet be mine—
That hope and joy will bloom anew,
And peace again my heart entwine,
Each reckless pang now past, should be
Unfelt—and soon forgot by me.

Yes, every scene of life now past,
I feign would from my memory blot;
Would have them in oblivion cast,
As tho' they'd been—and had been not;
But no—oh! no, they still appear
To prompt the falling burning tear.

Yet heed it not—I could not bear,
That it should pain thy heart to view,
What love and memory prompted there,
And feign would have forgotten too;
Forgotten as my form will be,
When slumbering in Eternity.

ELLEN.

SYMPATHY.

Inscribed to Miss J. B.

When we dread gloom the heart assails,
And veils each sanguine hope in night,
And soft-voiced Peace no more prevails,
With mild and heavenly-placid light;
If there's a charm, it dwells in thee,
Mild pitying Sympathy.

Tis thou that shed a tranquil ray,
Upon the weary, joyless breast;
Tis thou that light the mourner's way,
No storm's storm too rudely prest.
No gentle balm there could not be,
Than soul-reviving Sympathy.

To feel thy pity prompts the sigh,
By fond affection freely given;
And view bright tear-drops from the eye,
Like pure refreshing dew from Heaven.
Tis thou, and more we owe to thee,
Affection's friend, sweet Sympathy.

Say! should misfortune's hor'ring cloud,
Ere burst on my devoted head,
Should grief my drooping form enshroud,
And peace depart, and hope be fled,
Wouldst thou, sweet friend, bestow on me,
One sigh, one tear of sympathy.

MARY.

SONNET—SELECTED.

How oft beneath his blest and healing wings
He would have gathered me, and I would not!
Like a weak bird, all heedless of my lot,
Perverse and idle in my wanderings.

Now would my soul return, and trembling bring
Her wearied pinion to its wonted rest;
And faint with its short flight and flutterings,
Should seek a refuge in its parent breast.

O, Father!—in thy mercy shelter me,
For I am worn with mortal plagues;
My dark and earth-entangled spirit free,
And plunge it to ascend its native skies;

With hallowed wing to thy high rest to soar,
And never to desert its mansion more!
JANE ROSCOE.

THE MORALIST.

MORALIST. Editors.—A subscriber requests your insertion, in your paper, of the following extract from an address delivered at the University of Glasgow, which is entitled to general attention on account of the importance of the topics. This discourse of Mr. Brougham was pronounced on his election as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. His competitor for that office was Sir Walter Scott.

"Assuming the improvement of his own mind to be the end of every man's existence, who is removed above the daily care of providing for his own sustenance, and a duty, as far as immediate wants leave him time unemployed, your attention is directed to the means by which it may be accomplished; but in the limited time of this discourse, these can occupy only a small portion of our consideration. There are two subjects on which I would make a few observations connected with the study of the rhetorical art, by which useful truths are promulgated with effect, and also with the purposes to which the practice of this art should be subservient. If, from contemplating the means, we turn to the noble purposes of eloquence, we find that the greatest masters of the art have concurred in this point, and pronounced one opinion on the use of the study. Let their sentiments be engraven on our memory. It is not the diction of the Orator, nor the music of his voice, but his devotedness to the good of the cause of liberty, that determines the character of his mind. It is the best praise of the art, that it points out how truth may be most widely promulgated, the cause of persecuted innocence best defended, the march of wicked rulers most triumphantly opposed, how defence may be hurled at the persecutor's head, how to guide men in the midst of public convulsions, and to bring about salutary changes. In such circumstances how important and powerful must eloquence be! But in peaceful times, when the progress of events is slow, and the tumult can be heard no longer, then, too, the flourisher protectress of liberty, patroness of improvement, guardian of all the blessings that can be showered on the mass of mankind, nor ever is she seen but in teaching some grand lesson to men.—To me, calmly revolving these things, such pursuits seem more noble than any which the herd of base men lavishly prodigally. To communicate useful information—to further intellectual refinement—to hasten the coming of that bright day, when the dawn of general knowledge shall chase away the lazy mists, even from the great social pyramid. This is a high station to which man may be raised, and in which the most splendid talents may well press onward to bear a part. I know that in a place consecrated by the pious wisdom of ancient times, to the instruction of youth; yet from this classic ground have gone forth, those who by their genius, not by their ancestry, have been ennobled; and whose illustrious example has made the humblest emulous to climb the arduous steps, and enter those gates that are illumined with the sun. To the cultivation of the most important sciences, men of talents are pressing on from every part of the empire. But I wish the same course to be pursued by men of high station and weight, and by men of the highest rank. Our object should be to extend the bounds of science, by the discovery of new truths, or by new modes of application. Thus the number of scientific men will be increased, and more Watts and Franklins will arise, and appear among these working classes to which Watt and Franklin once belonged. The inventors of new arts will be seen more numerous, and the material difference will be, that the mass of the ignorant multitude being diminished, the body of the former will be increased. It surely can never be supposed, that persons eminent for science and knowledge, could be jealous of its general diffusion; for the extension of knowledge to the mass of the people, could only augment the number of their admirers. To those who feel alarm as statesmen, and friends of social order, I would address a few words. The cultivation of science has never really promoted turbulence or unbelief; but its progress is the forerunner of liberality and enlightened toleration. He who dreads the light of truth, cannot resist its power. For he may be well assured, that the day is at length come, which must put to flight the evil spirits of tyranny and persecution. As men will no longer suffer themselves to be led into darkness, so will they not yield to the evil principle of judging their fellow men, not according to the merits of their actions, but the articles of their creed. The great truth has gone forth into all the bounds of the earth, that men shall render an account no more to man for his belief. Henceforth nothing shall prevail on us to praise or blame a man for that which he can no more change, than he can the height of his stature. Treating with respect those who differ from us, the only practical effect of the difference will be, to cause us to enlighten the ignorance from which it springs, by teaching them if they are wrong, by improving ourselves if we are right, that the only kind of contest may be to produce the agreement proceeding from full conviction after the freest discussion. Then every fear for the universal spread of knowledge will be removed, and truth and virtue will watch over the peace of the country; the sure effect will be the removal of the only danger that threatens public tranquillity, and the confirmation of the liberties of our native land. For those tyrants who have shed the blood of mankind to extend their empire, and who hate the light of knowledge, let them tremble. I will then indulge the hope that, among the illustrious youth who adorn this ancient college, famed for its useful learning, there may be found some one willing to give a bright example to his nation, by taking the lead of his fellow countrymen in the only noble task of enlightening the great mass of his countrymen; and of having his own name enriched with honors most worthy of our rational nature. This is the true mark of all who prize the enjoyment of lasting happiness, or set a value on high and unalloyed renown."

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AVARICE.

"Of all the passions of man's imperfect race,
There's none like Avarice, so grovelling, and so base."

Among all the degrading passions to which mankind are subject, there is perhaps none more contemptible, or more mischievous in its effects upon society, than avarice; and yet, though mankind have always appeared conscious of its baleful influence, they do not appear to be alike aware of its remote cause, but have only seen and noticed it in the form in which it is concentrated every thing that is mean, absurd, and detestable—to have named it properly only when they have seen it personified by a monster, whom it would be honouring too much to term a man. A monster, deaf to the cries and lamentations of distress and misery, who is insensible to the calls of pity, or the dictates of affection; whose brains are of no further use to him than for planning means of accumulating vile dollars, which will never benefit himself nor society, whose heart is insensible to every other feeling than a money-going avidity. A poor, wan, emaciated, squallid, diseased wretch, who possesses the means of alleviating his misery, but is cursed with a disposition too sordid to permit their use or application.

But though this character may appear the most vile and despicable that can be imagined, and is considered by all men as a fair object of satire and reproach, it is by no means the most atrocious or guilty form in which avarice presents itself; for its very aspect is so devoid of disguise, its deformity so obvious to every eye, that it appears rather as a beacon to warn mankind against the love of money, than to excite it. Avarice is dangerous only in a far different and more common form; for few, independent of those who are or conceive themselves to be injured, suppose it their duty to condemn its vices, or their behaviour is courteous, their coat good, their equipage decent, or their purse heavy; in fact, there appears no art so flimsy as to be incapable of disguising from us this degrading passion; for, though a lamentable stigma upon the human character, it is yet true, that the man who wrongs his neighbour, disregards the claims of justice and right principle, oppresses the orphan and the helpless, starves his household, and considers every method of amassing wealth laudable, though he cannot be respected, yet escapes contempt.

Mankind, too generally culpable, treat avarice with extreme lenity, when they find it in possession of its object and elated by power; yet nothing surely can be more ruinous to youth, than such conduct, or any thing (save the vice itself) more criminal in parents, than by mild phrases to gloss over such enormities—to style a knave, a liar, a hypocrite, and a wretch devoid of feeling or of principle, a smart or a good sort of a man, &c. A moment's reflection will convince them, that by so doing, they lessen the attachment of their children to virtue, obviate the natural horror of vice, and place before them a picture of wealth gained by villainy, enjoyed without appearance of compunction, and treated with respect. They must then be conscious, that they are exciting an immoderate desire for riches, and becoming the great and principal, though remote cause, of this immoral and ignoble vice.

PHILOLOGUES.

TOM MOORE.

Tom Moore, the linen-draper, of Fleet-street, standing at his door one day a countryman came up to him with a nest of jackdaws, and accosting him, says, "Master wool ye buy a nest of daws?" "No, I don't want any," Master (replied the man) "I'll sell 'em cheap; you shall have the whole nest for no pence." "I don't want 'em" (answered Tom Moore) "go about your business." As the man was walking away, one of the daws popped up his head, and cried, "Mauck, Mauck."

"Damn it" (says Moore) the bird knows my name, halloo! countryman, what will you take for that bird? "Why you shall have it for three pence," Tom Moore bought him, had a cage made, and hung it up in his shop. The journeyman took much notice of the bird, and would frequently sit at the bottom of the cage, and say, "who are you—who are you?" and immediately reply "Tom Moore, of Fleet-street." In a little time the jackdaw learned these words, and if he wanted victuals or water, he would strike his bill against the cage, turn up the white of his eye, cock his head, and cry, "who are you—Tom Moore, of Fleet-street." Tom Moore was fond of gaming, and often lost large sums of money. Finding his business neglected in his absence, he had a small hazard table set up in one corner of his dining-room, and invited a party of his friends to play at it. The jackdaw had by this time become familiar, his cage was laid open and he hopped into every part of the house; sometimes he got into the dining-room where the gentlemen were at play. One of them being a constant winner, the others would say, "damn it how he nicks 'em!" The bird learned these words also, and adding them to the former, would call—"who are you?—Tom Moore, of Fleet-street;—damn it, how he nicks 'em!" Tom Moore, from repeated losses and neglect to business, failed in trade, and became a prisoner in the Fleet. He took his bird with him, and it lived by his master's side, and he was supported by his friends, in a decent manner. They would sometimes ask, "what brought you here?" when he used to lift up his hands, and answer, "why, bad company." The bird learned these words, and at the end of the former words, would say,—"what brought you here?" (to imitate his master,) lift up his pinions, and cry—"why, bad company!" Some of Tom Moore's friends died, others went abroad, and by degrees he was totally deserted and removed to the common side of the prison, where the jail distemper had broke out.—He caught it, in the last stage of life, lying on a straw bed, the bird (who had been two days without food or water) came to his feet and, striking his bill against the floor, called out—"Who are you—who are you?"—Tom Moore, of Fleet-street—Tom Moore, of Fleet-street—damn it, how he nicks 'em—damn it how he nicks 'em!"—what brought you here?—why bad company?—Tom Moore, who attended to the bird, was struck with these words, and reflecting on himself, cried out, "Good God! what a wretched creature I am! I neglected my father, when he died, left my good fortune, and an established trade; I have now my fortune, and my father's name, and am now a prisoner in the Fleet, and a beggar!"

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Tom Moore, the linen-draper, of Fleet-street, standing at his door one day a countryman came up to him with a nest of jackdaws, and accosting him, says, "Master wool ye buy a nest of daws?" "No, I don't want any," Master (replied the man) "I'll sell 'em cheap; you shall have the whole nest for no pence." "I don't want 'em" (answered Tom Moore) "go about your business." As the man was walking away, one of the daws popped up his head, and cried, "Mauck, Mauck."

"Damn it" (says Moore) the bird knows my name, halloo! countryman, what will you take for that bird? "Why you shall have it for three pence," Tom Moore bought him, had a cage made, and hung it up in his shop. The journeyman took much notice of the bird, and would frequently sit at the bottom of the cage, and say, "who are you—who are you?" and immediately reply "Tom Moore, of Fleet-street." In a little time the jackdaw learned these words, and if he wanted victuals or water, he would strike his bill against the cage, turn up the white of his eye, cock his head, and cry, "who are you—Tom Moore, of Fleet-street." Tom Moore was fond of gaming, and often lost large sums of money. Finding his business neglected in his absence, he had a small hazard table set up in one corner of his dining-room, and invited a party of his friends to play at it. The jackdaw had by this time become familiar, his cage was laid open and he hopped into every part of the house; sometimes he got into the dining-room where the gentlemen were at play. One of them being a constant winner, the others would say, "damn it how he nicks 'em!" The bird learned these words also, and adding them to the former, would call—"who are you?—Tom Moore, of Fleet-street;—damn it, how he nicks 'em!" Tom Moore, from repeated losses and neglect to business, failed in trade, and became a prisoner in the Fleet. He took his bird with him, and it lived by his master's side, and he was supported by his friends, in a decent manner. They would sometimes ask, "what brought you here?" when he used to lift up his hands, and answer, "why, bad company." The bird learned these words, and at the end of the former words, would say,—"what brought you here?" (to imitate his master,) lift up his pinions, and cry—"why, bad company!" Some of Tom Moore's friends died, others went abroad, and by degrees he was totally deserted and removed to the common side of the prison, where the jail distemper had broke out.—He caught it, in the last stage of life, lying on a straw bed, the bird (who had been two days without food or water) came to his feet and, striking his bill against the floor, called out—"Who are you—who are you?"—Tom Moore, of Fleet-street—Tom Moore, of Fleet-street—damn it, how he nicks 'em—damn it how he nicks 'em!"—what brought you here?—why bad company?—Tom Moore, who attended to the bird, was struck with these words, and reflecting on himself, cried out, "Good God! what a wretched creature I am! I neglected my father, when he died, left my good fortune, and an established trade; I have now my fortune, and my father's name, and am now a prisoner in the Fleet, and a beggar!"

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any support. I'll endeavour to do one piece of justice before I die, by setting him at liberty." He made shift to crawl from the straw bed, opened the casement, and out the bird flew. A flight of jackdaws from the temple, was going over the jail, and Tom Moore's mixed among them. The gardeners were then by the plants of the temple garden, and as often as they placed them in the day, the jackdaws pulled them up by night. They got a gun, and attempted to shoot some of them; but being cunning birds, they always placed one as a watch in the stump of a hollow tree, who as soon as the gun was levelled, cried "Mauck, Mauck," and away they flew; so that the men could never shoot one of them. The gardeners were advised to get a net; and the first night it was spread they caught fifteen. Tom Moore's bird was among them. One of the men took the net into the garret of an uninhabited house, fastened the door and windows, and turned the birds loose. "Now (says he) you black rascals, I'll be revenged on you." Taking hold of the first at hand, he twists his neck, and throwing him down, cried "there goes one." Tom Moore's bird, who had hopped upon a beam in one corner of the room unobserved, as the man laid hold of the second, called out, "Damn it how he nicks 'em!" The man dropped the bird he had in his hand, and turning to where the voice came from, observed the other with his mouth open, and called out, "Who are you?" To which the bird answered, "Tom Moore, of Fleet-street."

AVARICE.

"Of all the passions of man's imperfect race,
There's none like Avarice, so grovelling, and so base."

Among all the degrading passions to which mankind are subject, there is perhaps none more contemptible, or more mischievous in its effects upon society, than avarice; and yet, though mankind have always appeared conscious of its baleful influence, they do not appear to be alike aware of its remote cause, but have only seen and noticed it in the form in which it is concentrated every thing that is mean, absurd, and detestable—to have named it properly only when they have seen it personified by a monster, whom it would be honouring too much to term a man. A monster, deaf to the cries and lamentations of distress and misery, who is insensible to the calls of pity, or the dictates of affection; whose brains are of no further use to him than for planning means of accumulating vile dollars, which will never benefit himself nor society, whose heart is insensible to every other feeling than a money-going avidity. A poor, wan, emaciated, squallid, diseased wretch, who possesses the means of alleviating his misery, but is cursed with a disposition too sordid to permit their use or application.

But though this character may appear the most vile and despicable that can be imagined, and is considered by all men as a fair object of satire and reproach, it is by no means the most atrocious or guilty form in which avarice presents itself; for its very aspect is so devoid of disguise, its deformity so obvious to every eye, that it appears rather as a beacon to warn mankind against the love of money, than to excite it. Avarice is dangerous only in a far different and more common form; for few,

